



Fighting Chance



war fight gladiator

148 6 12

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

She stares at you from the arena's tip. Your eyes lock for a second, and you hope that somewhere, somehow, in that heart of her's, she'll call off this madness. You were friends once. You trusted one another.

She turns her back.

Chapter 2 by Eduardo Ramos



The smooth side of a spatha presses against your windpipe, and you choke involuntarily again, breathing in the hot, dusty air that fills the arena's floor. The slash on your left side burns as you bleed into the dirt.

You grunt in pain as your opponent kicks you onto your back and plants his foot squarely on your solar plexus. During the fight, you recognized your opponent as the newest fighter, a prisoner from some far off war who you had personally welcomed this morning. Unfortunately, it didn't seem that your kindness had made much of an impression on him.

Out of all the things that left him confused, being forced to fight to the death against a total stranger hadn't phased him.

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He's obviously confused now. He's turned to silence, waiting for her to outstretch her arms and let them decide. Anyone with an ounce of sense knows that

their cheers mean nothing. If she wants the gladiator to live, he'll be the picture of health by the next fight. But if she wants him dead, he'll be ripped to pieces, and his limbs will be used as bait for the lions in the next fight.

Again, you hope against hope that she'll find some mercy in some deep recess of her soul, letting you see another day. Statistically, you're an idiot for thinking this. Everyone knows she's a fan of blood

She draws a deep breath, her hair cast over her shoulder by a light breeze. With one last survey over the roaring crowd, she holds out her hands, asking them to decide your fate.

You shut your eyes tight as you try to tune out the onslaught of screams for your death.

Chapter 3 by Inferno



Finally, the cheers die out when she gestures widely. "I have made my decision. Joann, come with me."

You freeze. That's you. *Does that mean I survive? Or I die?* You think.

A moment later you discover neither of those options will happen.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



She descends the steps of her seating, and enters the ring. Now, the crowd is silent. It is considered a great dishonor for a ruler to enter the ring. Why is she here? What is her plan?

She approaches you, balls her fist, and punches you in the face.

Chapter 5 by adware



Your instincts kick in. You've spent your life in the ring. You punch back.

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